

Six-Gun Heroes



LAWMAN



WILD WILLY



ROBBY ROBBIN



WILDCAT



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These efforts are made in order that these units may be better equipped to deal with these difficulties.

Lash LARUE

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING RAILS!"



SIX-GUN HEROES

BUT HOW WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR A WHOLE WAGON TRAIN TO DISAPPEAR?

IT'S NOT—THAT IS AT ONE TIME. WHEREVER'S BEING JUST A FEW DAYS AT A TIME OVER THE MONTHS WE'VE BEEN WORKING HERE, SO NO ONE EVER MISSED THEM. BUT, THE TIME CAME WHEN THEY WERE MISSING TO FINISH THE JOB.

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE YOU JUST ORDERED THE WRONG AMOUNT OF RAILS?

NO, LASH. I CHECK ALL THE SUPPLIES MYSELF, AND I'M POSITIVE THAT THOSE MISSING RAILS ARRIVED HERE.



BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE STEAL RAILS? WHAT GOOD WOULD THEY BE TO ANYONE UNLESS HE WAS GOING INTO THE RAILROAD BUILDING LINE HIMSELF?

WE COULDN'T BE CONTEMPLATING A VERY BIG RAILROAD---A WAGON TRAIN OF RAILS ARE ONLY GOOD FOR ABOUT A MILE OF LINE. IF YEH ASK ME, IT SEEMS LIKE THE WORK OF SOME PRACTICAL JOKER OR A BAND OF WILD KIDS!



BUT DON'T YOU KEEP A NIGHT WATCHMAN, RIGGSIN?

OF COURSE, MARSHAL. YEH CAN'T REALLY BLAME HIM FOR NEGLIGENCE. NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER EXPECT ANYONE TO STEAL RAILS! HE HAS BEEN KEEPING HIS EYES ON MORE EASILY STOLEN OBJECTS!



DO YOU ASK, AND IF THERE WERE ANY STRANGERS ABOUT?

NO, I DECIDED TO WAIT UNTIL YOU CAME BEFORNE I DID ANYTHING. RITCH HENDERSON COMES ON DUTY AT 6 PM. YEH CAN QUESTION HIM YORESELF THEN!

I'LL BE BACK AT 6 PM. MARSHAL, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND TOWN TO SEE IF ANYONE HAS SEEN ANYTHING OF THE MISSING RAILS.



BUT AT 6 O'CLOCK THAT EVENING...

I'M SORRY IT'S LATE, MARSHAL, BUT I CHECKED EVERY POSSIBLE PLACE FOR THOSE PRACTICAL JOKERS OR WILD KIDS YOU MENTIONED. I HAD TO HAVE DUMPED THE MISSING RAILS! I FOUND NO SIGN OF THEM, BUT WHAT'S MORE, NO ONE IN TOWN HAS SEEN RAIL FLOATING AROUND EITHER! HOW WHERE'S YOUR NIGHT WATCHMAN?

I DON'T KNOW, LASH! HE'S THE FIRST TIME SINCE WE STARTED THIS CONSTRUCTION JOB, HE HASN'T SHOWN UP FOR WORK!



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BUT BACK AT THE CONSTRUCTION SHACK...

YEH SAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WAS HIDDEN UNDERSIDE THE MATRESS I TELL YA A RING-EDGED HOLE IF I CAN FIGURE OUT HOW HITCH COULD HAVE SAWED THAT MUCH MONEY OM WHAT HE MADE AS AN INIGHTY-WATCHMAN I BUT AS FOR THIS PICTURE IT'S HITCH HIMSELF I HE'S THE WIREST HOMBERT I EVER MET AND HE'S ALWAY GOT AT LEAST ONE PICTURE OF HIMSELF ON HIM !

I WAS HOPING THAT PICTURE WOULD GIVE ME A LEAD. I CAN'T FIGURE MY NEXT MOVE SINCE HITCH'S DISAPPEARANCE SEEMED TO BE JUST AS FOOLISH AS THE DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUR RAILS !



YEH GOT NO COMPLAINTS, HITCH ! I FIND YEH WELL FOR THOSE MORTLESS SECTIONS OF RAILS ... \$500 !

I WOULDN'T FEEL SO NERVOUS IF I AT LEAST KNEW WHAT YEH WERE AIMING TO USE THEM FOR !



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT ! I USED TO BE A RAILROAD ENGINEER MYSELF BEFORE I GOT RINGER DEALS !

BUT EVEN IF YEH GOT AWAY WITH IT, WHEN THE LAIN WOULD FIND THE NEW LINE OF TRACK AND TURN THE TRAIN INTO THE CAVES, THEY'D BE BOUND TO THE THE RAILWAY UP WITH EITHER YEH OR ME !



BUT THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES ARE REALLY FOOLISH FOR THIRTY MILES AWAY IN THE NEIGHBORING TOWN OF WILDCAT...

WHAT HARDS YEH HAVING, HITCH ?

TOP LOOK AS FRIGHTENED AS IF YEH SAY A GHOST !

YEH'D BE FRIGHTENED, TOO, IF YEH KNEW WHAT I DO ! YEH BOSS, RAILROAD, GOT THEM AND CALLED IN THE LAIN ! YEH TOLD ME, RIC, NO ONE COULD EVER GET NIGH IF A TOOK ONE SECTION OF RAIL AT A TIME !



THE SITUATION IS CHANGED SO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU ! NEXT TIME A GOLD TRAIN RUNS THROUGH THESE HYPE PARTS, WE AIM TO DISCONNECT THE REGULAR RAILROAD TRACKS AND USE THE RAILS YEH SOLD ME TO MAKE A LINE WHICH WOULD BE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO CARRY THE GOLD TRAIN INTO A CAVE IN THE HILLS WHERE HE CAN LOOT IT !

YEH MUST BE JOKING, RIC ! ANY ENGINEER KNOWS BEEN OVER THE ROUTE ONCE, WOULD NOTICE THE TURN-OFF AND STOP THE TRAIN !



WE AIM TO PICK UP THE NEW LINE OF TRACKS RIGHT AFTER THE GOLD TRAIN RIDES OVER IT ! THERE'S LITTLE CHANCE OF THE LAIN FINDING THEM ! AND AS FOR THE TRAIN ITSELF—AS SOON AS HE LOOT IT, WE AIM TO BLOW THE CAVE UP AND IT WITH IT !

WHY ARE YEH TELLING ME ALL THIS, RIC ? IT'S SO SCARED HE MIGHT GIVE US AWAY BEFORE HE GET A CHANCE TO FULL THE JOB !



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IT'S JUST AS RIO
FIGURED! THESE
RAILS STRETCH ALL
THE WAY FROM THE
CREEK TO THE MAIN
RAILROAD LINE! ALL
WE HAVE TO DO NOW
IS DISCONNECT THE
REGULAR TRACKS AND
PITCH THESE!

THAT'S EASY!
I ONLY HOPE
NOTHIN' GOES
WRONG WITH
RIO'S TAKIN'
OVER THE
GOLD TRAIN!

DON'T FRET
ABOUT RIO! I
HEAR HE KNOWS
WHAT HE'S DOING!

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WHILE AT THE WILDROOT SHERIFF'S OFFICE . . .

"AHO, LASH, THAT WAS NOTHING ON THE BODY WE FOUND IN THE HILLS EXCEPT THIS HORROR PICTURE!"

"LET'S SEE IT, SHERIFF!"

"WHY, IT'S MARCH HENDERSON, THE WEST MARSHAL! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR HIM. WHERE WAS HE DODGING ALL THE HORSES OVER HERE?"

"JUST KNOWING WHO HE WAS, LASH, MAKES YOU KNOW A HUNDRED FEET MORE ABOUT HIM THAN I DO!"

"IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, SHERIFF! THE GOLD TRAIN HIDING THIS WAY FROM LANTERN GULCH IS MISSING!"

"MISSING? HOW COULD A VALUABLE TRAIN DISAPPEAR? IT MUST HAVE BEEN STOLEN OR KILLED ON ROUTE!"

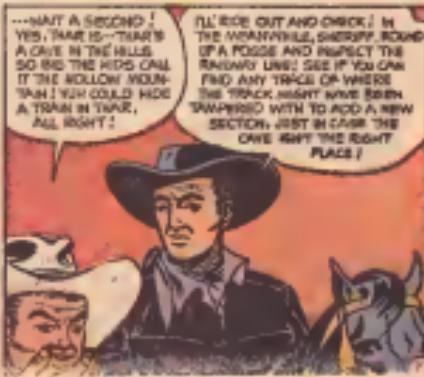


"LOOK, SHERIFF, THE LANTERN GOLD TRAIN DISAPPEARED WHEN THE GOLD TRAIN LEFT THE DEPOT! WHEN IT COULDN'T ARRIVE HYER ON TIME, I RODE OUT MYSELF AND RODE HYER ALL THE WAY TO LANTERN GULCH AND NEVER PASSED THE TRAIN! I TELL YOU IT'S DISAPPEARED!"

"BUT A TRAIN JUST COULDN'T VANISH!"

"NOT UNLESS SOMEONE BUILT A CONNECTING LINE TO SEND THE TRAIN OFF IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION!"

"WHAT?"
"WHAT?"



"THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! BUT IS THERE ANY PLACE BETWEEN WILDROOT AND LANTERN GULCH BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE THE GOLD TRAIN IN?"

"---WAIT A SECOND! YES, THERE IS---THAT'S A CAVE IN THE HILLS, SO THE KIDS CALL IT THE HOLLOW MOUNTAIN! YOU COULD HIDE A TRAIN IN THERE, ALL RIGHT!"

"I'LL RIDE OUT AND CHECK IT IN THE MORNIN'! SHERIFF, ROUND UP A FOGGY AND REPAIR THE RAILROAD LINE! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANY TRACE OF WHERE THE TRAIN MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH TO ADD A NEW SECTION. JUST IN CASE THE CAVE ISN'T THE RIGHT PLACE!"

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BRIEFLY AFTER...

CHAR, MAN, WE'VE GOT ALL THE GOLD OUT! NOW LET'S GO AND BLOW UP THE CAVE! THERELL BE NO TRACE OF ANYTHING OR ANYONE TO TIE US UP WITH THIS ROBBERY!

BUT JUST THEN....

EDO, YEH AND THE MEN GOT BROKE IN THE CAVE! SCARSON'S READIN THIS NAR!

EDO, BUT HOLD YORE FIRE! I DON'T WAN TO ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION AROUND YEH UNTIL AFTER HE BLOW UP THE CAVE! IF THAT HONERS HADN'T SHEN US, HE'LL BE EASY TO HANDUP!

THE ROVING MARSHAL HAS NOT SEEN THEM...

AND BEFORE THE SURPRISED KING OF THE BULL, HAF CAN MAKE A MOVE...

PETER LASH REGARDS CONCERNEDLY

YEH ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR THE PARTY! YEH CAN JOIN THE OTHERS FOR THE BLOWUP! THE GOT PLANNED -- OR SHOULD I SAY BLOW-UPS?

THAT MARS NOT KIDDING WHEN HE SAID HE'S GOING TO BLOW US UP! I RECOGNIZE HIM! HE'S TOO DANGEROUS! THAT MAD-MAN SHOULD STOP AT NOTHING!

NETU, ALL BE A LONG TIME DINO IF WE DON'T ACT FAST! DO YOU THINK YOUR TEETH ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO FULL THESE ROPES AROUND MY HANDS LOOSE IF I ROLL CLOSER TOWARDS YOU?

I'VE GOT STRONG TEETH! ROLL MY HAND! IT'S CONSIDER'LY WORTH A TRY!

SECONDS LATER...

THAT DID IT! NOW IF I CAN GET THE ROPES OFF MY FEET I'LL FREE THE REST OF YOU!

MOI! IF I HAD TIME TO DO THAT WELL, ALL BE BLOWN TO BITS! OUR BEST BET IS TO GET YEH TO SEE IF YEH CAN STOP THEM FROM DYNAMITING THE CAVE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY YEH CAN SAVE ALL OF US!

SNAP!

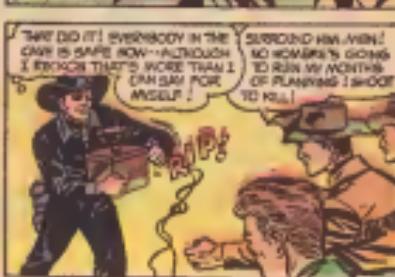
SIX-GUN HEROES

SWINGING THE BULLWHIP FROM HIS SADDLE, LASH LARUE ROLLED THE TRAIL OF DYNAMITE AND...

WITH BULLWHIP SPEED, LASH LARUE PITS HIS BULL WHIP INTO ACTION...



BUT WITH THE DELICATE TOUCH OF A GREAT MARSHAL, THE ROLLING MARSHAL BRINGS THE BOX TOWARD HIM WITHOUT SETTING IT OFF...



BUT THE ROLLING MARSHAL IS JUST AS HANDY WITH HIS SIX-GUN AS HE IS WITH HIS BULL WHIP AND...



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LASH CATCHES UP WITH RIO BY A FONZ
LEAP... AND RIO HAS HIM OVERPOWERED.



THE GUN SHOTS ATTRACT THE SHERIFF
AND THE POSSUM AND AFTER LASH
EXPLAINS...

ALL I CAN SAY, LASH,
IS YUN DID ONE GREAT
JOB! YU'VE GOT ALL
THE BANDITS ROUNDUP!
THIS CASE IS
FINISHED!

HOT GENT,
SHERIFF,
I'LL NEED A
WITNESS
TO THIS!

LATER...



WHEN I START
ON A CASE, I
DON'T LIKE
TO UNRAVE ANY-
THING UNNECESSARY.
LASH!
THE MOST
TRICKISH AND
BEST
MARSHAL I'VE
EVER SEEN!



SIX-GUN HEROES

UNITED ARTISTS' LATEST WITH... ROD CARMAN, JOHN IRVING AND JOANNE DRIE IN *CANNES WEST* / THE CHARGING, BLOOD-CRASHED HORSES RIDE DOWN ON THE STREETS--YELLING FOR THE SOUL OF ANY "PALE EYE" IN THE WHIRLWIND CARNAGE. AND ROD CARMAN KEEPS IT WITH A SHOULDER FIGHT--ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CRUEL SPANISH AND RUDDY THAT WANTS WHATS HIS. ROD WAS PAUSE, BUT THE CDA THREW HE COULD DO WITH STAKE HIS OWN LIFE AGAINST THE INDIAN HORDE IN A LAST-BIG GAMBLE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO RODE.

CAMELS WEST! *



GALLOPING ACROSS THE NEW MEXICO DESERT, AFTER A BANK HOLDUP, DID A FIRE JUMP AWAY FROM THE FORGER. RODES THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW GUY MCDONALD, HIS SWEETHEART LIZ, AND HER BROTHER JIM. THE ODDS IS ALMOST OVER...



WE'LL BE TEACHIN'
THE MOUNTAINS
PRETTY SOON, WE
GONNA BACK-TRACK
ON THE ROSEBUD
ONCE WE'RE THRU
BET FIGHT NOW—
KEEP GOIN', HEE-



AND HOURS LATER, AFTER THE DIS-
PERATE TWO HAVE REACHED A SAFE
HIDE-OUT IN THE HILLS.—



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HOW IS HE, HONEY? THAT SLUG ANSTON GOT 'EM RIGHT IN THE BACK!

WE GOT TO BRING A DOCTOR HERE, CLINT! ALL THE MONEY YOU STEAL ISN'T GOING TO HELP HES HOW! THERE'S A TOWN NEAR HERE - I'M GOING TO TRY AND FIND A DOC.



CLINT'S WARRIOR LEF RIDGE INTO TOWN. BUT ALSO THERE IS BOB CARMICHAEL, ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION TO LEAD A CAMEL CARAVAN THROUGH THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, PROVING THAT CAMELS CAN BE PRACTICAL BEASTS-OF-BURDEN, HELD TOURISTS FOR THE DOCTOR...

SURE WISH WE AN TIME BOYS COULD GO WITH YOU, BOBO! THE TRIP DONNA BE A MIGHTY STRETCH ONE I PUT MASSA AND THE KIDS COME FIRST!

I KNOW CAL - DACE CARMICHAEL AND 2000-PIECES FOR THE DOCTOR IN THE DESERT! I CAN START SHIPPING ALL OUR SUPPLIES THROUGH THE DESERT!



THAT DOC FROM ST. LOUIS AIN'T HERE YET; I GUESSED YOU'RE GOING TO WAIT, LEAVE WITHOUT HIM HE WASN'T ON THE SCHEDULE-COACH!

YOU'RE RIGHT - THE CARNIVAL'S WAITING I TELL THE DOCTOR TO MEET US ON THE ALBUQUERQUE ROAD...

ADIOS.



GOODBYE BOBO! BE CAREFUL! THE BANDITS ARE SHOOTIN' BUCKLES; AND YOU'RE COMIN' THROUGH APACHE TERRITORY!

SUPPOSE CLINT HERE TO BE THE DOCTOR ON THE CARNIVAL? WE WOULD BE CLEAR TO CALIFORNIA AND THEN POSSIBLY FINNA FIND US!



BOBO WAITS FOR THE DOCTOR TO RIDE IN. MUCH LATER, AND CARNIVAL KINTO DRAWING HIS BROTHER BEFORE JOINING THE CARNIVAL, LASTED AT THE HOOTENANNY...



SURE - I HAD NO HARRIERE TO DO BUT FIND A PLACE! BUT THIS THOUSAND IS FOUR TIMES THE MONEY CARMICHAEL WOULD PAY ME! YOU GOT A DEAL!

THEN MEET THE NEW DOC STATION!

SO LONG, HONEY! I'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU AT THE CARNIVAL!

NO ROOM AIR

ATD CAN GET ON HIS PRETTY CLINT! GOODBYE!



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ONE NIGHT, AN EXHAUSTED LIZ REACHES THE CAMP AND SECRETS HERSELF BEFORE THE OTHERS HAVE SPOTTED HER...

“JESUS CHRIST, CLINT, AND THE HORSE IS COMING THE KIDS LOOKING FOR US. WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? CALIFORNIA IS A LONG WAY OFF...

“SURE IT IS — BUT I'LL GET THERE! THERE'S OVER TWENTY-THREE IN THESE BAGS. MONEY, STOCK WITH ME AND I'LL BE LIVIN' EASY!

SOMEBODY COME! IT'S ROD CARMERON!

“RUMBLESS, NORM! WE DON'T KNOW EACH OTHER. PLAY IT SMOOTH!

MISS KENDRICK WOULD LIKE TO JOIN THE CUE EXPOSITION. MISTER CARMERON, SHE JUST ROOK UP OUT O' TOWN. APPARENTLY SHE WAS TRYIN' TO CATCH A PASSENGER TRAIN AND GOT LOST...

“YOU'RE WELCOME, MISS KENDRICK. I HOPPE THEY'D ACCOMMODATE YOU AS BEST WE CAN...

“THANK YOU, SIR. IT'S A BIG RELIEF!

THE DAYS HAVE SLOWLY PASSED WITH MUCH HARDSHIP, LIZ AND CLINT SOON GET INTO THE SPOT OF THE CROWD — THAT ONE RUMBLESS. LIZ, HOWEVER, BEGINS TO NOTICE THE COURAGE OF ROD CARMERON...

“YEAHAAA,
GODBELL! I CAN
BOY, I GET ACROSS
THAT RIVER...

HITS RISING HIS LIPS FOR THE
CARRIAGE. WHY DOES HE DO IT?
HE'S ACTUALLY A PLUMBED CENT
OUT OF IT...

“YEAH, AND AWAY, THE DUCK MAN PLEADS HIS LIPS AND WATCH HIS
SKILL WITH CLEATH...

“DOWN, BOY!
WHICH THERE'S
DOWN...

“CLINT WOULDN'T UPTA PLEASIN'
TO HELP ROLDS IN A MILLION YEARS...

“THAT ROD'S COURAGE AND SKILL ARE MATCHED ONLY BY HIS
KINDNESS TO OTHERS...

“HERE WE GO, TODAY! BY THE TIME
WE REACH CALIFORNIA, YOU'LL BE THE
BEST CAMEL RIDER THIS SIDE OF
THE MOUNTAINS!

“GEE, VISTER
CARMERON! I A CAMEL
ALL FOR MYSELF!
SICKOUP! (SICKOUP!)

“ISN'T HE THE BEST
BOY AT THIS STUFF?
CARRIAGE, MISS LIZ? I
THINK HE'S GRANITI

“YES, TOMMY, THERE AREN'T MANY
MEN LIKE HIM. HE MAKES THE
DECENT PEOPLE FEEL PROUD —
AND OTHER PEOPLE AWKWARD!

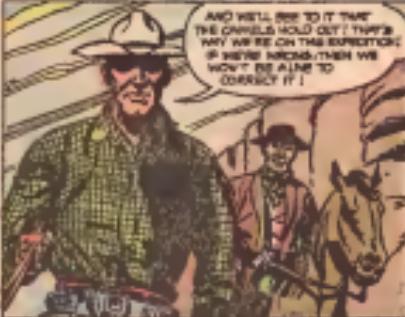


SIX-GUN HEROES

THE CARRAVAN HONES ON AND FINALLY WINDS THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT, BUT SOON ANOTHER CHAOS APPEARS.

APACHES, TOO! THEY BEEN FOLLOWIN' US EVER SINCE WE ROKE OFF THE ALLEGED ROUTE. BUT CAN BE BUSHWAGGIN' ANYTIME. THEY FEEL LIKE IT!

THE APACHES LOOK UPON CAMELS AS GODS. TELL TALES THEY WOULDN'T TEACH US SO LONG AS THE CAMELS HOLD OUT!



MEANWHILE, THAT NIGHT, ONE OF THE PROFOUND DISPUTES HAD DETERMINED CLIFF'S SECRET AND THREATENED TO EXPOSE HER...

“EITHER YOU GET ME ALONE NOW... OR CAMERON AND THE REST FIND OUT!”

“ALL RIGHT, CARROLL, YOU'RE IN...



KNOWING IT WILL BE JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE ALL WILL KNOW THEIR GENTLEMAN COUNTRY AND LEADERSHIP, HE DECIDES TO KEEP UP WITH THE ROSE CARRAVAN. BUT THIS DEALS A BAD HAND TO THE CARRAVAN. THREE DAYS LATER IN THE BURNING, SANDY DESERT...

“HOW IS SHE, ROO? CHARLES AND I SUPPORTED TO SHOOT UP SIXTY-EIGHT HORSES AT MILES IN THE DESERT!”

“THEY CAN'T TALK, BUT THIS CAMEL IS BROKEN! I'VE BEEN GOING TO HAVE TO SHOOT HIM—ALIVE AS I HATE DOING IT!”



AN HOUR AFTERWARDS, HIS TASK FINISHED, ROO STARTS UP THE CARRAVAN...



ROO'S HOPE THAT THE APACHES WON'T FIND THE BURIED CAMEL IS SHORT-LIVED. FOR FOLLOWING RIGHT BEHIND THEM, THE APACHES ARE COOLED UP THE DEAD ANIMALS SOON.

“THE WHITE-HEADED HIRE INSULTED US! WE WHO INVITED YOU CAME AS SOON AS WE COULD, WITH OUR OWN EYES THAT THEY ARE NOT!”

“NOW WE ARE FREE TO TAKE EVERY APACHE GULP WE WISH!” CROWNED BROTHERS!



MARCHING ON ANOTHER BLAZING DAY, FINDS THE CARRAVAN DESPERATELY IN SEARCH OF WATER FOR THE CAMELS, HORSES AND MULES, AND TALL-TALL WHILE DRIVING IN A DRY RIVERBED FOR WATER, PRACTICALLY WITH A MOUNTAIN ACCIDENT—



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...BUT THE APATITES HAVE FOILED THE MARSHAL'S PLAN TO MAKE THIS ATTACK, CUTTING OFF ALL HAMS OF ESCAPE. THEY RIDE ON ON THE CARAVAN...



...EIGHT HOURS LATER, THE DESERT RINGS WITH THE YELLS OF BLOOD-CRAZED APATITES, BULLETS AND THE SOUNDS OF CRASHING...



CLINT, HAVING A CUP OF HEAT, HAS RETURNED TO THE CARRIAGE AND TO LEO. HE WAS FOUND OUT THERE, PAINTED FROM HEAD TO TOE, WITH THE MASON DRIVES AND ROPE OUT AFTER HIM TO STEAL CLINT'S SAW. LEO...

WANT DASH ON ME—AND I HAD TO KILL HIM, BUT NOT BEFORE I FOUND OUT THAT YOU PEOPLE HAD SHOT THEM AND THEY KILLED MY FURNI. I'LL DEAR 'EM OFF INN THIS WAGON WHILE YOU RIDE DOWN ON THEM, FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

IT'S YOUR SHOW, MCDONALD! I LET'S GO!



...AND SECONDS LATER—CRYING HEAD ON TOWARDS THE SAVAGES...

YEE HAW! ROLL THE MASON DRIVES! HOPING ROD CARRIAGE IS RIDIN' NEXT TO ME TOWARDS THE SAVAGES. I'D SOON HAVE TO TELL WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME IF HE'S NOT AROUND!



...AND JUST AS THE APATITES DREW NEAR TO CLINT...

HERE'S THE SHOWDOWN, BOYS. DON'T GIVE 'EM A CHANCE TO PEECH BACK!



...AND LATER, WHEN THE BATTLE IS OVER...

HERE'S THE SHOWDOWN, BOYS. I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THEM. I'M GONNA GO STRAIGHT. I'LL SAY AND WE CAN START GET HEY IN CALIFORNIA!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FILE A TRIAL, GET A JUDGE, GET A COURT, BUT AFTER WHAT YOU DID HERE, I'M SURE THE AUTHORITIES WILL TAKE IT INTO CONSIDERATION.



THAT'S ALL WE ASKED FOR AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING! THANKS FOR SHARING CALIFORNIA WITH ME. DODGE CITY WASN'T OF ALL!

THIS ISN'T THE MASTERS' HOUSE, IT'S OURS. FOR RODNEY? LET'S GET RODNEY?

CARROLL'S INVEST?



RANGE WAR

Hearing the sound of hammering, Sheriff Gage Harrow of Beckskin, Grant County, Nevada, got up out of his chair and went outside, grumpily.

"What in tarnation's pole" on here?" he began, and stopped.

Joe Kendrick, who owned the Crazy Bear spread four miles west of town, stepped back from the public bulletin board.

"I'm just talkin' advantage of my rights as a citizen, Gage!" he stated flatly. "Somebody stole my horse sponged off my own spread last night, and I'm postin' a reward!"

"All right, all right, Joe," Sheriff Harrow muttered.

"Smaller, Sheriff, what's' satis' ye?" Joe Kendrick asked. "That squabble between Tate Carson and Bill Quedd still gain' on?"

The Sheriff nodded wearily.

"Tate publicly threatened to shoot any more of Bill's sheep if they strayed onto Tate's grazin' spread," Harrow sighed. "Trouble is half the ranchers hereabouts raise sheep and the others raise cattle, and you know what sheep do to cattle grassin' land! Cattle just eat the tops off the grass, but sheep tear up the roots every which way."

"I'm sure glad I'm raisin' wheat," Joe Kendrick said. Then he glanced up at the bulletin board. "Course, I've got my own troubles," he finished wryly. An instant later he looked up at the Sheriff in astonishment. "Hey, what's wrong?"

Sheriff Harrow was staring down the main street. Kendrick followed the direction of his eyes and gasped. Tate Carson, his face as black as a thundercloud with anger was riding down the street.

"Somethin' happened, that's sure!" Harrow said.

"Reckon Tate's got it in for Bill Quedd again?"

"Why sure, if Quedd's sheep strayed onto Tate's pasture," the Sheriff said, tensely. "And I reckon they did!"

Tate Carson's progress down the street drew many curious glances. The whole town had been kept tense by the threat of an outbreak of range war between the cattle ranchers on one side and the sheep-herders on the other. Once that came, they knew it would result in plenty of blood-shed.

He rode on his horse up to the Sheriff's office and stopped. For a full minute it seemed to Sheriff Harrow that a lightning storm had moved in and hovered over his office, as

Carson reaved.

"And that ain't all!" said the cattle rancher. "You know as well as I do, Gage, that this drought has put feedin' and grass at a premium. I can't afford to lose grain' grass!"

"There's enough to go 'round!" Gage Harrow said insistently.

"Well, if there is, then why did Bill Quedd sneak his sheep over onto my land last night?" Carson roared. "I told you that no-good sheep-herder's crookeder than a lightning bolt!"

"Quedd's as honest a man as you are!" Gage Harrow groaned. "And I'm not goin' to have both of you at each other's throats. Probably some of his sheep may have broken out of a corral, and . . ."

"Some of his sheep?" Tate Carson's eyes bulged. "That pasture of mine looks as though five hundred head of bleaters passed over it last night." Abruptly he paused, his head swivelling slightly to one side.

"Thunderation!" the Sheriff said hoarsely. "Here comes Bill Quedd! Now listen, Tate, you've been makin' public threats, and I won't have it. And what's more . . ."

"I wouldn't be surprised if Quedd rustled your home, Joe," Tate Carson snarled leadily. "Any neck-wood who'd let sheep rip up a valuable range would do anything!"

The man on the horse coming up to the Sheriff's office went white as he heard Tate Carson's words.

"Why you lyin' . . ."

Bill Quedd's right hand dropped suddenly from his saddle horn, lashed like a whip toward his holster.

"Look out, Sheriff!" Joe Kendrick yelled. In front of the Sheriff, Tate Carson wasn't idle. His eye had seen the incredibly fast motion of Bill Quedd's hand first — and his own wasn't far behind.

On every side people who had paused to watch, scattered.

For an instant there was a deep silence. Then: Bang! Bang!

A cloud of gun-smoke enveloped the two men. When it cleared, what remained of the crowd gasped. The gun-hands of Tate Carson and Bill Quedd were empty.

Sheriff Harrow walked toward each of the horses, picked up the guns he'd shot from Tate Carson and Bill Quedd's respective gun-hands and handed them back to their owners.

"A mile scratchin'," he commented laconically. Then he burst out in tones of thunder: "Now listen, I'm settin' both of you men

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under peace bonds — right now, and in the eyes of the people! If either of you busts it, you'll forfeit a thousand dollars, and I've got a nice cool cell where one — or both — of you can stay for a month! Is that understood?"

Tate Carson said nothing; neither did Bill Qued.

"Sheriff, I've got nothin' agin' ya," Qued said. "You're a peace officer, and anything you do to preserve peace is legal and above-board. But I act the way I want to act. You can't come after me if I break the peace — but not before!"

"Some here!" Tate Carson growled.

Then both men wheeled and rode off in opposite directions.

Turning on his heel, Gage went back into his office, sat down and thought it over. He knew he'd have to wait at least three days until he could examine Carson's range pastures. It was round-up time, and the pastures would be crowded with cattle. Close observation of the ground would be impossible.

On the morning of the fourth day, as the cattle were being led to gathering points for the market trek a week hence, Horrow decided to act. The pastures were empty, now, though tension between Carson and Qued continued to rise. He knew that one or two more meetings in town between the men, without some solution of their basic differences, would bring swift, irremediable trouble.

Out on Carson's spread, he went over the sheep-rumpled pastures carefully, noting the characteristic damage done to the grass by the bleaters. At one patch he reined in suddenly, got off his horse to examine the ground more carefully. Turning, at last, to remount his horse, he noticed a distant figure galloping off on a horse.

Not wasting another moment, he rode off to Carson's and Qued's ranch-houses, got them to agree to meet him that night at one of the cattle pastures. Sullenly, grudgingly, both reluctantly gave their promise, asked for the meeting spot and time and got it.

Precisely as the last vestige of light left the Western sky, Sheriff Horrow rode up to the appointed spot, dismounted and made his horse lie down on his side. Several moments later Carson and Qued cantered up. With some difficulty, Horrow persuaded them to make their own horses lie down.

"With the horses flat they'll be practically invisible, and we can hide behind 'em." He glanced narrowly at both men. "You see, gentlemen, I got a hunch neither of you two are at fault. Of course it's just a hunch . . ." He broke off. "Down! Somebody's coming!"

As they hid, a wagon came bumping over the pasture. It stopped fifty yards away. Three

men got out and began digging a huge hole in the ground. Then, with ropes, they began pulling something bulky from the hole into the wagon.

"Ready?" Horrow asked his compatriots quietly. "Alright — now!"

All three men leaped to their feet, six-guns flinging from holsters. The other three men paused, startled, then they dropped the ropes and went for their own shooting irons. The Sheriff's guns blazed; one man fell with a scream. Then Tate Carson's guns brought down another. The man in the middle whirled, tried to run. A blast from Bill Qued stopped him dead in his tracks. Horrow strode over to him, kicked him over at he whispered.

"Just as I thought," he said grimly. "It's Joe!"

"Joe Hendricks!" Carson and Qued gasped. "That he . . ."

"I never suspected Joe might be guilty," the Sheriff said, "until I noticed he didn't follow up on that horse theft. That first time he made was his last — and that wasn't like Joe. He never mentioned that horse again. So I figured Joe might have lost his horse in some way — and claimed it was stolen, as a blind. But I was sure something was wrong when I rolled out here today. My horse's nose led me to a patch of ground that looked as though it had been dug up and covered over. Then I saw a weddy watching me. He beat it. I figured he knew somethin' was buried here and would come back at night to remove it. And I was right. It was Joe's horse buried here, it broke its legs the night Joe and some hired thugs ran through here with these special horseshoes on their hoofs."

"Special horseshoes? But why? What's that got to do with Bill Qued's sheep?"

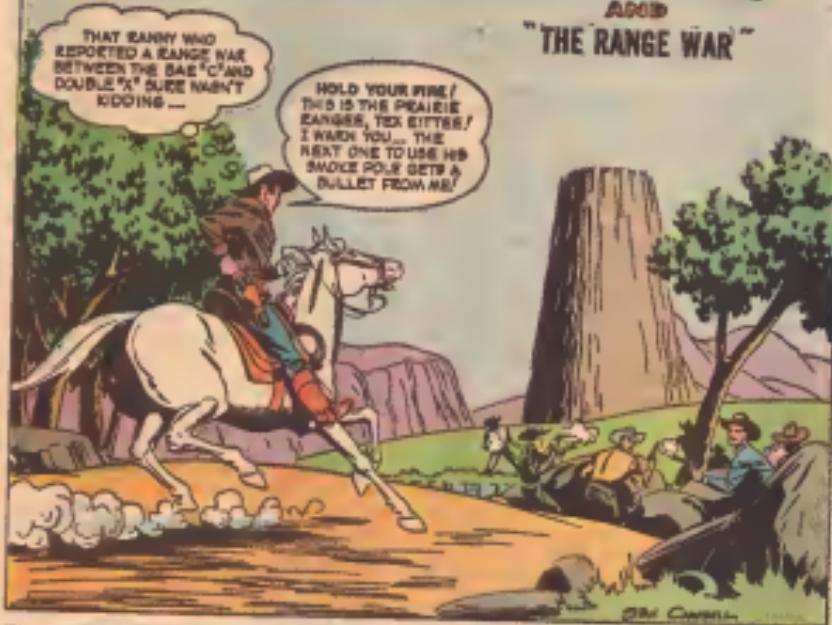
Horrow pointed to the dead horse, indicated its shod hoofs.

"These spiked horseshoes simulated the damage sheep do to grass. But Joe's horse tripped on them. They couldn't remove the body that night. So Joe posted that sword to cover the loss of his horse, thinkin' to pick it up later, after round-up, and destroy the body. We'll probably find half-a-dozen more sets of horseshoes like these at Joe's ranch. As for motives, I reckon Joe's grain was dyin' faster from drought than we knew. He figured on gettin' you two sort of each other, kill each other in a range war, and bid on your spreads cheap. By selling your cattle and sheep he'd be able to ride himself over and cash in even more next year." Horrow glanced stonily at the whispering Hendricks. "You should have taken a loss in wheat, Joe," he said steadily, "Instead of the loss of five years of your liberty in State's prison."

SIX-GUN HEROES

TEX RITTER

AND
"THE RANGE WAR"



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

DEXE'S BEEN SICKENING THE LAN FOR A LONG TIME! MAYBE WE'VE FINALLY GOT HIM! I'D BETTER GET A BOTTLE OF THAT WATER SO THE DOCTOR CAN CHECK IT!



RECKON WE WERE WRONG ABOUT HIM...BUT WE STILL HAVE TO FIND THE GUILTY PARTY BEFORE HE KILLS OFF THE REST OF OUR CATTLE!



I'M GOING BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND TRY TO FIGURE A NEW LEAD!



SHOOTLY AFTER, AT DEXE DENTON'S OFFICE...

SURE, I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THIE RANCHER, BUT I'D NEVER DO ANYTHING LIKE POISONING A COWBOY! I PAY FAIR, AND TO PROVE IT, I'LL GIVE THEM SIX EXTRA MONTHS TO PAY UP THESE NEXT NOTES!

WELL, NOW, THAT'S EIGHT GENEROUS OF YOU, DEXE!



...IF YOU TWO WILL KEEP THE PEACE SO I'LL HAVE ONE LESS PROBLEM TO WORRY ABOUT!

SURE!

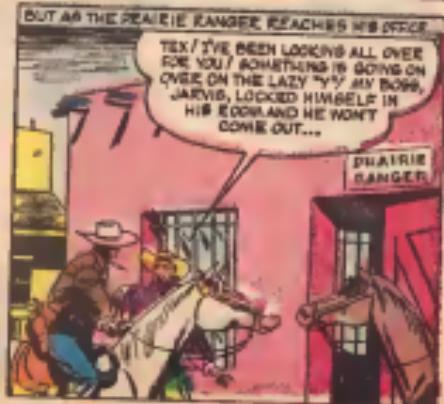
YOU BET, TEX!



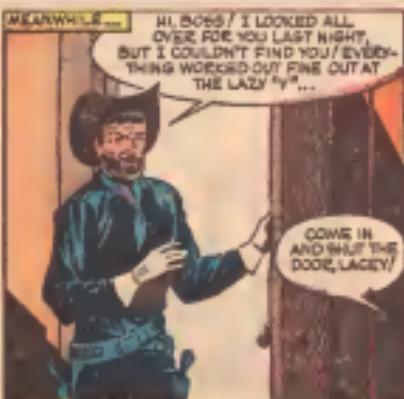
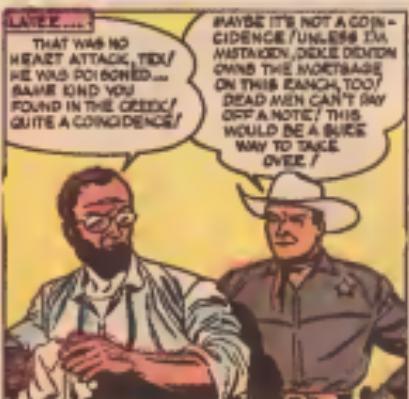
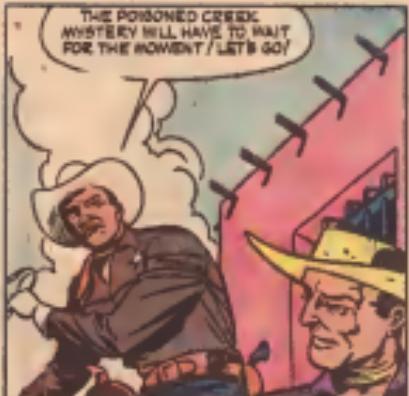
BUT AS THE PEACE RANGER REACHES HIS OFFICE...

TEX! I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOU! SOMETHIN' IS GOING ON OVER ON THE LAZY 'Y'! MY BOSS, JARVIS, LOCDED HIMSELF IN HIS BEDROOM AND HE WON'T COME OUT...

PEACE RANGER



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

...I CLIMBED THOUGH JAEVIS' WINDOW AND POISONED HIS WATER JUG! I HID IN THE ROOM TILL HE TOOK A DRINK. SOON AS HE PASSED OUT, I LOCKED THE DOOR AND WENT OUT THE WINDOW AGAIN. HE MUST BE DEAD AS A DOORNAIL BY NOW...

WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE REST OF THE POISON?

THREW IT IN CLAUDETTE'S CEREBELON THE WAY BACK TO TOWN... WHY?

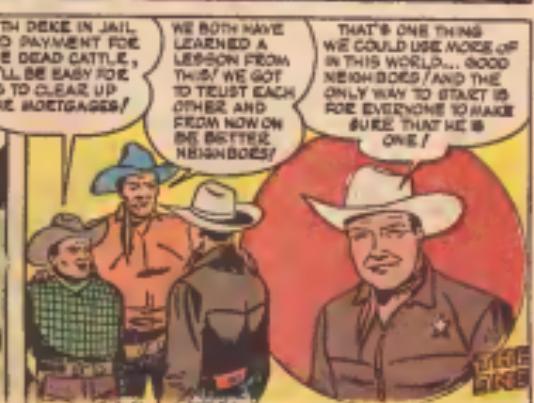
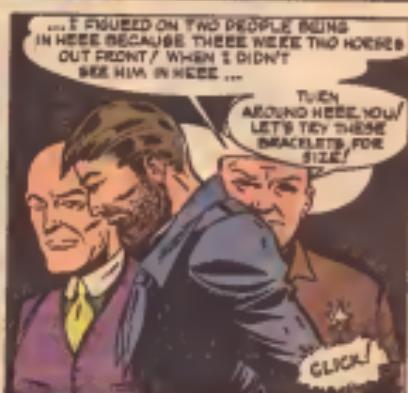
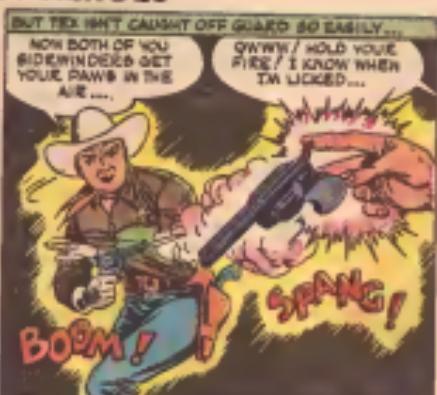
YOU IDIOT! CLAUDETTE AND DIGHTON'S CASTLE DRANK IT AND THEY'RE DYING LIKE FLIES! TEX DODDIE SUSPECTS ME OF PLANNIN' IT THAT MAN!

BUT HE CAN'T PROVE IT!

NO... BUT IF HE PROPS OUT JAEVIS DIED OF THE SAME POISON, IT WON'T TAKE HIM LONG TO GET BACK ON MY TRAIL!



SIX-GUN HEROES



SIX-GUN HEROES

“ONE BEAR CAME AT HIM...INTENDING TO KILL HIM WITH ONE BLOW—BUT SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, KNEW THAT, DURING THIS FIGHT, INSTEAD OF ONE DEATH FOR HIMSELF, BUT ALSO FOR HUNDREDS OF WHITE SETTLEMENTS IN ARCHIELAND, ALL APACHE WHO HAD SWORN TO KILL THE COWBOYS WHO HAD BROKEN HIS HORSES—VITTORIO, EMPEROR OF TEATORI!

Rocky Lane

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

REVENGE
of
VITTORIO

YOU ARE NOW, WHITE-EYE ! MY
TOMAHAWK SHALL DRINK THE BLOOD
OF A WRENCHING MARSHAL !

TALK IS CHEAP, LONG BEAR ! LET'S
SEE WHAT YOUR MUSCLES CAN DO !



SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE IS JUST
RETURNING FROM A SUCCESSFUL MISSION
BETWEEN THE APACHES AND ADVANCE
ARMY SQUADS. WHEN...



...MOMENTS LATER, AS HE
REACHES THE VALLEY...

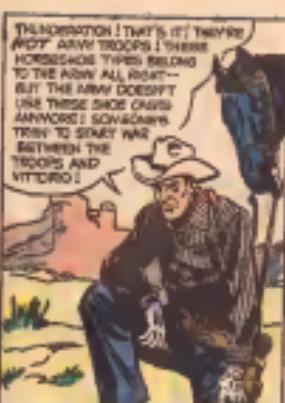
ARMY TROOPS—STEALING
OFF THE HORSES THAT BELONGED TO THE
APACHES !



HEY THERE ! WAIT—I WHO'S YOUR
COMMANDING OFFICER ? YOU'RE
STEALING VITTORIO'S PRIZE
STALLIONS !



SIX-GUN HEROES



BOOY, KNOWING THAT VITTORIO WILL SOON HEAR ABOUT IT, RIDES SHARP TOWARDS PORT BAKER AND COLONEL CHARLES, THE COMMANDING OFFICER. HOURS LATER, HE HAS EXPLAINED WHAT HE FOUND...



THE APACHE BRAVE GALLOPS TOWARDS THE PORT... TWO SECONDS LATER--RIDES INSIDE...

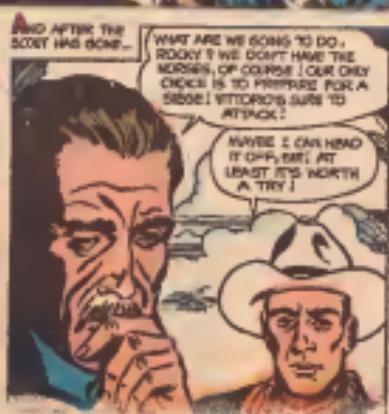


YES SIR--ON THE DOUBLE!

BOOY AND COLONEL CHARLES GOT BAD NEWS...



AND THEY ALL BE MASSACRED BEFORE TROOPS FROM WASHINGTON CAN GET HERE....



MAHIE, I CAN HEAR IT COMING AT LEAST IT'S NORTH A TRY!

SIX-GUN HEROES

ZOOKY RIDES OUT OF THE FORT TO SEARCH FOR VITTORIO. BUT AS HE DRIVES NEAR THE TRADING POST NEAR THE FORT...



ZOOKY DECIDES TO PLAYA HUNCH
AND QUESTION THE BRAVE. BUT...

THIS INDIAN GUY DOESN'T WANT
TO TALK TO ME! SOMETHING'S
WRONG. COMANCHESS USUALLY
ARE FRIENDLY.



ALL RIGHT NOW! TALK! YOU KNOW
SOMETHING ABOUT THE COMAND
WARS WHO STOLE THOSE HORSES--
QUICK--OR I'LL CUT OFF YOUR HAIR
AND LET YOUR SQUADS MOWK.

LONG HAIR--MY CHILD--
HAS LONG HAIR SINCE OF
VITTORIO. THEY ARE CONSIDERED
IN LONG HAIR'S LODGE NEAR
DEVIL CANYON. YOU CAN DO
NOTHING! ALREADY
VITTORIO ATTACKED.



WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! COME ON!
WE'RE RIDING TOWARDS VITTORIO'S
CAMP! I WANT HIM TO LISTEN TO
WHAT I HEARD ALSO!



SIX-GUN HEROES

ROCKY SOON LEARNS THAT VITTORIO HAS LEFT HIS CAMP AND HAS ALREADY ATTACKED THE POST!



BUT AS HE DRAWS--NEAR THE COMMANDANT'S CAMP, ROCKY HEARS--



LEAVING THE CORANGA SECURELY BOUND TO A TREE UNTIL HE RETURNS, ROCKY RIDES PUNCHED TOWARDS DEVIL CANYON...



BUT HIS ROCKY MOUNTS BLACKJACK AND I WHITE-EYE SPY! KILL HIM!



BUT BEFORE EITHER ROCKY OR HIS PURSUITERS CAN RIDE VERY FAR--FROM OUT OF THE HILLS--STEP HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF ARACHES!



SIX-GUN HEROES

30

ROOKY KNOWS HE MUST ACT FAST IF THE WAVE IS TO BE STOPPED. VITTORIO TELLS THEM HE IS WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS. ROOKY NOW PUTS A DESPERATE SKELETON INTO ACTION!

LONE BEAR AND HIS COMMANDO COMPANIES HAVE STOLEN THE HORSES. VITTORIO! I HAVE SEEN THIS WITH MY OWN EYES! HE PLANS TO TAKE YOUR LANDS!

THE WHITE EYE LIES...

THEN LET THE LONE BEAR FACE ME IN A TRAIL BY CONVENT. IF I FAIL, YOU CAN MAKE YOUR WAR. VITTORIO! IF LONE BEAR LOSSES, THEN YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME, BATTLE. I PROMISE YOU OF LONE BEAR'S TRAVERSITY!

ASSEMBLE! LET THE TEST BEGAN...

ROOKY FLEES THE UNGERING LONE BEAR PARTIES LATER—HEAD ON A COO SUMS ACROSS TWO POLES BURIED IN THE GROUND. LONG REPAIR STRIKES...

YOU HAVE NAMED YOUR OWN DEATH, WHITE-EYE! I AM TOMAHAWK SHALL TAINT YOUR BLOOD SOON!

WEFL, WEFL...



ONE LATER, WHEN VITTORIO RIDES TO THE COMMANDO CAMP...

HERE ARE YOUR HORSES, INSEPI VITTORIO! YOUR OWN ALLIES HAVE TRIED TO DECEIVE YOU! LET THIS AIRLESS WAR STOP BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY, WHITE-EYE! MY THANKS! THE TREATY OF PEACE HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN!

MUCH LATER AT THE PORT...

—BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT, MAN? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!

ONCE UP THE GODS AND AGAINST YOU SHE! BUT I HAD TRUSTED ON MY SON!



Now! The Amazing Facts about BALDNESS ...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from disease of the scalp.
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body.
3. Alopecia of the very young (before the age of 12).
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches).
5. Alopecia of the young (postmenstrual baldness).
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness).

Severe, permanent and progressive alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS. This disease is called **Schroeder** and can be broadly classified into two distinct forms with the following symptoms:

1. DRY DISEASE: The hair is dry, brittle, and without gloss. A dry hair shaft is usually present with accompanying dandruff and loss of luster. The hair is immediately red and increases with the progress of this disease.

2. OILY DISEASE: The hair and scalp are oily and messy. The hair is slightly easier to do, but has a tendency to get tangled. Dandruff often gets free of head more easily and usually stays. Hair loss is severe with baldness at the root ends.

Many doctors agree that to **NEGLECT** these symptoms of **DRY** and **OILY** **SCHROEDER** is **INVITING BALDNESS**.

Schroeder is believed to be caused by three main segments—**HYPERTROPHIC** (an enlarged sebaceous gland), **HYPERPLASTIC** (an increased number of hair follicles), and **ATROPHIC** (a shriveled hair follicle).

These growths attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See diagram.)

But Schroeder can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three growths believed to cause Schroeder, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, **Concast Medicinal Formula**, kills these three growths in contact. Proof of Concast's groundbreaking properties has been presented in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, **Concast Medicinal Formula** controls schroeder—controls the flow of blood in the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and hair loss—reverses the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps **STOP HAIR LOSS** due to schroeder. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may still follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to visit themselves of **Concast Medicinal Formula**.



DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES
Caused by Schroeder

A = Dried hair. B = Hair-depressing
glands. C = Hypertrophic sebaceous
glands. D = Atrophic follicles.

A Few of the Many Grateful Testimonials by Users of Concast Medicinal Formula

"My hair was growing out for years and I tried everything. Shampoo, soap, oil, tonics, lotions. My hair was thinning and I was losing it at the rate of 1/2 inch a month. I tried **Concast**, **Concast**, **Concast**. My hair stopped falling out and they all say it looks so much better." —Mr. J. L. Johnson, Ala.

"Your formula has given me my confidence again. I am not afraid to go out in public. I am the envy of all the girls in my class." —Mrs. E. L. Marshall, Ohio.

"Your formula is wonderful. You didn't tell me to use it, but I did. I have had great results. I am the envy of all the girls in my class." —Mrs. L. C. Gandy, Calif.

"I do want to tell you that within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and your company for producing such a wonderful and safe product." —Mrs. M. C. Johnson, Pa.

"I have been using **Concast** for 10 months. My condition has improved with each application." —Mrs. D. L. Clegg, Calif.

"My hair looks like the first time I left the house. I used to wear a hat to protect Concast in the house, but now I don't. I don't have to worry about any possible side effects since I started using **Concast**." —Mrs. W. G. Johnson, Tenn.

"This formula is everything you claim that you are. I am so grateful to you for giving me back my hair." —Mrs. C. C. Clegg, Miss. (Mississippi)

"I feel it gives the hair and scalp the best feel. I am pleased for the hair. I am giving you 10% discount on the **Concast** Shampoo." —Mrs. L. C. Gandy, Calif.

"The benefits of **Concast** I get from **Concast** are plus my hair is plus. I am not losing my hair. I am not getting balding and not losing all the hair. I feel it has improved so much." —Mrs. L. C. Gandy, Calif.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to those success men and women when they first read about **Concast**. If your hair is thinning, greasy or even oily—**Concast** may be associated with causing your hair increasing hair loss—but you may well be assisted by the **Concast** Shampoo and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to **Schroeder**, **Concast CAN and MUST help you**. It is due to causes beyond the control of **Concast Medicinal Formula**, you have nothing to fear because our **GUARANTY POLICY** assures the return of your money if you are not satisfied. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postage \$1.00 plus postal charges.

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